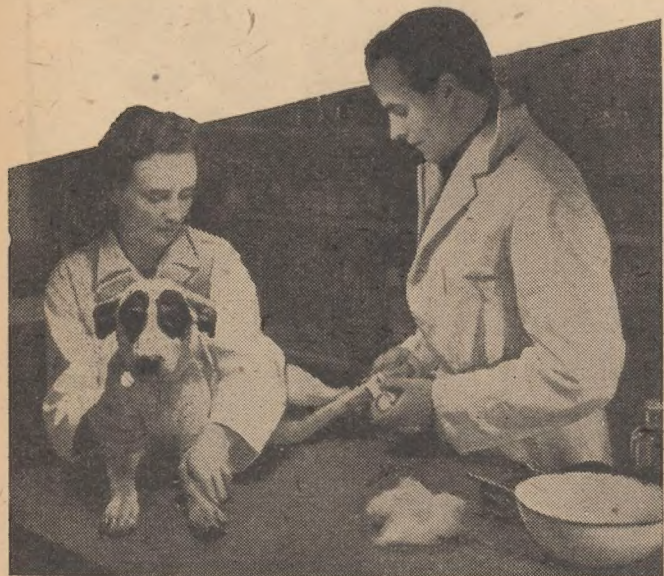


Good Morning 54

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch



OPERATION.—Goggles on the operating table was the perfect patient, completely and quietly resigned to the hands of Mr. Gerald Plumley, M.R.C.V.S., who's shown binding up the leg after the dew claw was removed.



REUNION.—Tony and Goggles reunited after the ordeal—Tony obviously full of sympathy and the pup obviously playing up to it. The cat and the "Scottie" behind the bars were two other patients seemingly quite interested in the camera.

★ UNSOLVED CRIMES

Now you are invited to walk into the blackness of the Merstham Tunnel with **STUART MARTIN** and try to solve the mystery of

THE FATE OF MARY MONEY

THEY called it the Mystery of Merstham Tunnel.

Mary Money, an attractive girl of 22, was an employee of a dairymen at Clapham Junction. She "lived in" with another employee, Emma Hone. Once every month the two were on Sunday duty together, and one Sunday night—September 24th, 1905—Mary announced to her friend that she was going for a walk and would not be out long. That was at 7 p.m.

Mary Money never came back from that walk.

On the following day the London newspapers carried a "mystery" story. It was to the effect that the dead body of a woman had been found in Merstham Tunnel, a few miles north of Redhill.

Thrown from Train

The body was unrecognisable because of the injuries the woman had received. She had, indeed, according to expert evidence, been thrown from the window of a train. A thin scarf had been crammed into the woman's mouth. Marks on the tunnel wall showed where the impact had taken place.

But there was not a railway ticket found on the body, no purse or money, no clue as to identity.

The discovery of the body was made about 11 p.m. that Sunday night, and a doctor who made an examination gave it as his considered opinion that the woman had been killed about an hour before that time.

The first police description issued gave the woman's age at about 35, and stated that there were several rings on her fingers.

On the following day a young man walked into a police station, and, on being shown the body in the mortuary, identified it as that of his sister. His name was Robert Money. The police came to the conclusion that Mary Money had been done to death. A hunt for her murderer was begun.

They got evidence to sup-

port their theory. The guard of the down train for Brighton, which left London Bridge at 9.33 that Sunday night, reported that at the halt at East Croydon he noticed a young man and a girl in a first class compartment. The girl was wearing a thin scarf.

He noticed them again at South Croydon, but at Redhill, the station beyond Merstham Tunnel, the guard found the compartment door open, and he remembered seeing a man walking alone towards the exit of the station. He had not taken any particular notice of the man, since he was, of course, unaware of any tragedy.

And that was the last that was seen of that man. Although

that she was persuaded to go into the train with him for a short journey; and that he murdered her and threw her body out of the window because she resisted his advances.

A new Theory

I am going to suggest here what I suggested at the time, an alternative theory.

If Mary Money expected to meet a young man, why was she so secretive about it, even to her friend, Emma Hone? They had few secrets from each other.

Why, if she had an appointment, should she buy chocolates for herself?

Emma Hone was positive



the statement was widely published, nobody came forward to say, "I was that man, but I know nothing about any girl."

Looking for a Lover

The police then began an inquiry about whether Mary Money had any men friends, or a lover. They were up against a blank wall. Nobody had ever heard Mary Money talk of men friends. Not even Emma Hone could give any information about that.

Mary's brother suggested one or two names, but the young men concerned easily proved they were casual acquaintances and were unconnected with her movements that Sunday night.

So back the police went to Emma Hone. Miss Hone said that when Mary left the dairy she did not wear a jacket. There was no pocket in her dress, and she carried her purse and handkerchief in her hand. Nor had she a scarf.

But a Miss Golding, who kept a small sweet shop near Clapham Junction, reported that Mary had bought some chocolates shortly after seven o'clock that Sunday and had told her that she was going to Victoria.

A ticket collector employed at Clapham Junction stated that a girl, whom he identified from a photo as Mary, had spoken to him about the same time and said she was going to Victoria. And there the link in the chain of the missing girl's movements ends. Nobody saw her at Victoria.

And that is all that can be said as to circumstantial evidence. It was generally accepted that the girl had met a man, friend or stranger, and

that Mary had no scarf with her. And Mary had said deliberately she was going "for a walk." Her purse was never found. It was not in the compartment of the train or on the line.

And that brother's evidence. Subsequent investigation proved that he was an unscrupulous liar. The police were irritated at his varying statements, and ultimately did not give heed to them. His own death was even worse than that of his sister; it involved his suicide and the destruction by fire of a woman and three children and the wounding of another woman.

I do not believe that Robert Money could possibly have identified the body found in Merstham Tunnel as that of his sister. It was admittedly beyond recognition. The medical belief was that the body was that of a woman aged about 35. Do medical men make errors like that?

A signalman at Purley Oaks (which is about ten minutes' run from the Tunnel) stated that when the train swept past he had a glimpse of a man and a woman seemingly struggling in a first class compartment. Does that prove that Mary Money was the woman? There was bound to have been a quarrel for a woman's body "aged about 35" to be found in the Tunnel.

But was it the body of Mary Money? Do you know that a number of girls disappear every year in London and are never heard of again? My suggestion is that there were two crimes that night. I am not alone in that suggestion.

Several girls "disappeared" that year.

WHAT LANGUAGE DO YOU THINK IN?

By **MARTIN THORNHILL**

FOUR years ago the owners of a little Norwegian steamer registered her in a Danish port to comply with the laws of Portugal, where she traded. On this ship all orders were given in English. It was the only language understood by every member of the crew, who hailed from nine different countries.

This is one instance of scores, even hundreds; and they prove English to be the common language of the sea, just as French is the language of diplomats. Not that sea-English is wholly English in origin. Yacht and schooner are Dutch, pinnace French, brigantine Italian-French, reminding us that pirates were once more picturesquely dubbed the brigands of the sea. All the world over, sailors of all nations think in a jargon that is English in form, which is not surprising when you remember that for generations we have owned about half the world's mercantile marine.

SOLDIERS THINK IN FRENCH.

But if sailors think in English, soldiers ponder in French, or at any rate in Frenchified Latin. Military terms everywhere are mainly what the French made them. Why? Probably because of the lead the French took in the Crusades. We have lieutenant, captain, corporal, bayonet, sentry, fusiliers—all French, and the same terms are used in most countries in only slightly varied form.

Men of science think in Latin and Greek. Often, scientist bodies invent words of their own—weird and monstrous expressions which take all the beauty out of speech. The professor from Peiping meets the professor from Pernambuco on the common ground of such hideousities as hyperbola, pterodactyl, coprophagan.

NORMAN-FRENCH FOR CARPENTERS.

Many an English carpenter thinks unconsciously in the French of the Normans as he works with chisel and brace. But textile workers, because the weaving craft is as old as our race, think mainly in Saxon. Loom and spindle, warp and woof, needle and thread—all these are Anglo-Saxon. Printers, ordering their types, still use derivatives of the low-Latin of bygone Churchmen—the first to practise the printing craft.

THE SAXON OF SURGERY.

Language of doctors is as unpicturesque, as crudely inventive and unromantic as terms in the other sciences. But, happily, they do not include the parts of the body, even if these are the exclusive preserve of medicine and surgery—almost from head to toe we have named ourselves in Saxon. And we know most of our elemental feelings—love and hate, fear and hope—in that same fine tongue of our forefathers.

And so we do our father and mother, brother and sister, wife, husband and child. For our more endearing titles—those still more closely associated with family and home—we hark right back to the Celtic strain in us. Dad, lad and lass, baby, cradle, cosy.

COOKED AND UNCOOKED.

Once again we think in Saxon on the farm. Farm itself is Saxon, as are sheep, ox, pig. Yet, oddly enough, our thoughts switch again to France—original home of fine cookery—when, as mutton, beef and pork, these items reach the table.

And, as you would expect, the language of our ancestors gave us such terms as field and hedgerow, meadow and park, peak, hill and home—words which mean just about everything to us in normal times, but even more so under a threat to our national heritage.

News o' the

MAMIE IN THE LOOKING-GLASS.

DEVOTING what spare time she had to painting, after finishing her work-a-day at Fourstones Paper Mill, 19-year-old Mamie I. Parker has been awarded a five years' scholarship by the Edinburgh College of art. She is the daughter of Mr. George Parker, of Woodbine Cottages, Newbrough, Northumberland.

Self-taught, Mamie has already had her work on view at the Laing Art Gallery exhibitions in Newcastle. Her father often acted as her model for portraits, and, using a looking-glass, she has done many paintings of herself. On reflection, Mamie, you have done a good job of work! . . .

THE HORSE IS LAST AGAIN.

THE hairdressers in Sholey Bridge, Co. Durham, are hard pushed to tend all the customers without much waiting. Reason is the shortage of staff. At the hunt kennels it's a common sight to see stable hands cutting each other's hair with the horse-clipping machine. This means that the man getting his locks shorn must do his bit, too. He has to turn the huge wheel, while the "barber" operates the clippers.

The next gent, if you please . . . is a horse. . .

HIS SERVICES ARE STILL GOOD AT 92.

FOR over forty-five years the Vicar of Lamesley, in Co. Durham, the Rev. John Croft, has been conducting the service. Now, at the grand age of 92, he is still to be seen visiting his parishioners. In what other little time he has to spare, his energies are used in digging for victory in the large garden attached to the rectory. Asked how he keeps so active and alert, he replied, "Stagnant waters grow putrid, running water runs clear."

His services in every sense of the word are excellent, for a man who, I understand, is the oldest working clergyman in the country.

SEA EGGS.

MUCH consternation has been caused over the news that eggs of birds living on the Farne Islands off the coast of Northumberland are being utilised for human consumption. For some years the islands have been in the control of the National Trust, and for three months each year a group of watchers live on the islands to care for the birds.

It has been suggested that steps should be taken to stop the pilfering of the eggs.

By **F. W. Reed**

North

NOVEL IDEA.

COLLECTING novels, books and magazines from her friends 13-year-old Joan Routledge, of Louvaine Terrace, Guide Post, Northumberland, formed a lending library for the use of the children under fourteen in the village.

Each member pays a small donation, which goes to some war charity.

A real novel idea, Joan! . . .

MINERS' LEADER NEW J.P.

WILL LAWTHORP, President of the Mineworkers' Federation of Great Britain, of Red Hill Villas, Durham City, has been elected as one of the new J.P.s of Durham County. He's always been known for his square dealing! . . .

BLESSING.

KENNETH SCOTT, a choir-boy evacuated from Hull, carried a lamb into the chancel of Glaisdale, North Yorkshire, Parish Church, for the evening service recently. It was the occasion of an ancient ceremony, that of asking for blessing of the farm animals, which was conducted by Rev. Wilfrid Coggill, the Vicar.

Periscope
Page

WANGLING
WORDS—17

1. Put the same three letters, in the same order, both before and after ICEM, and make a word.
2. Which of the following words is mis-spelt: COEVAL, DISCREPENCY, GALVANISM, CORRODE?
3. Can you change LARK into CROW, altering one letter at a time and making a new word with each alteration? Change in the same way: COAT into BOOT into SHOE, TEA into RUM, BOOK into CARD.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from the word NEVERTHELESS?

Answer to Wangling
Words—No. 16

1. ENTWINEMENT.
2. LINOLEUM.
3. BLUE, GLUE, GLUT, GOUT, POUT, PORT, PART, PAINT, PINT, PINK, LESS, LOSS, LOSE, POSE, PORE, MORE, MORT, MOST, FAIL, BAIL, BOIL, COIL, COIN, LOIN, LOAN, MOAN, LIE, LIT, SIT, SAT, RAT, RUT, RUN.
4. Ass, Sit, Sat, Ail, Ale, Cat, Set, Lie, Lit, Tie, etc.
Case, Cast, Call, Asia, List, Last, Site, Sate, etc.

The Error

THERE was once a young man named Gedge, whose father had been caught by Mrs. Pym and duly hanged for murder. Young Gedge took to crime because it paid him, and he did not seem to mind prison. Then, in a rush of filial devotion that was partly fear, he decided on the destruction of Mrs. Pym.

When, in the course of his career, he was offered a job which promised him a chance of making money and getting rid of his enemy, he took it, knowing the opportunity might never come again.

It needed cunning and foresight. Gedge had plenty of both. He put a member of his small gang to follow Mrs. Pym, and got on with the task he had been given, and which would pay well both in cash and revenge.

Gedge was ready with his plans one night in May. He sent out word to his shadower that Mrs. Pym was to be brought in.

She was in a chemist's shop, buying films for her camera, when a small man came up and smiled ingratiatingly.

"I saw you, ma'am," he began. "Marty Bloom's the name. They're busting Goldberg's warehouse down the road."

"Are they?" Mrs. Pym was not surprised at the message. Small crooks have been known to turn informants if it means gaining imagined favours with police executives. "Who are they?"

"Three men, ma'am; one of 'em's wearing a mask." She went with Bloom to

3-MINUTE
THRILLER

Goldberg's warehouse. The message was true, except that she found the men waiting for her. The masked leader was holding a gun. Mrs. Pym was not even surprised at the situation. She did not recognise the leader, but appreciated the hatred which inspired him.

"And we're firing this building like we was paid to do," he concluded savagely. "You'll be in it—that's the only difference. Get the idea?"

It was clear enough, a trap into which she had walked like a foolish schoolgirl. She was hustled into a small washroom by the leader. He pushed her into a corner with grimy hands, for he had been preparing the fire, then he leant on the wash-basin to

look out of the barred windows.

"You'll never get out. I'm not telling you who I am. That's my mystery, and you can die knowing there's one you didn't solve!"

The door slammed. Ten minutes later smoke began to seep in. Mrs. Pym felt it was about the most hopeless position of her life, until she began to think. The marks of four grimy put perfect finger-prints on the porcelain wash-basin gave her one idea; the other followed when she found one of the window bars was slightly loose.

By tugging and digging with scissors from her bag, she loosened it and got it away, then attacked the door, emerging from the flaming, smoke-filled building with singed eyebrows.

Gedge was picked up in a public-house, celebrating his triumph, and not until he was in court for arson and attempted murder did he learn how he had been traced.

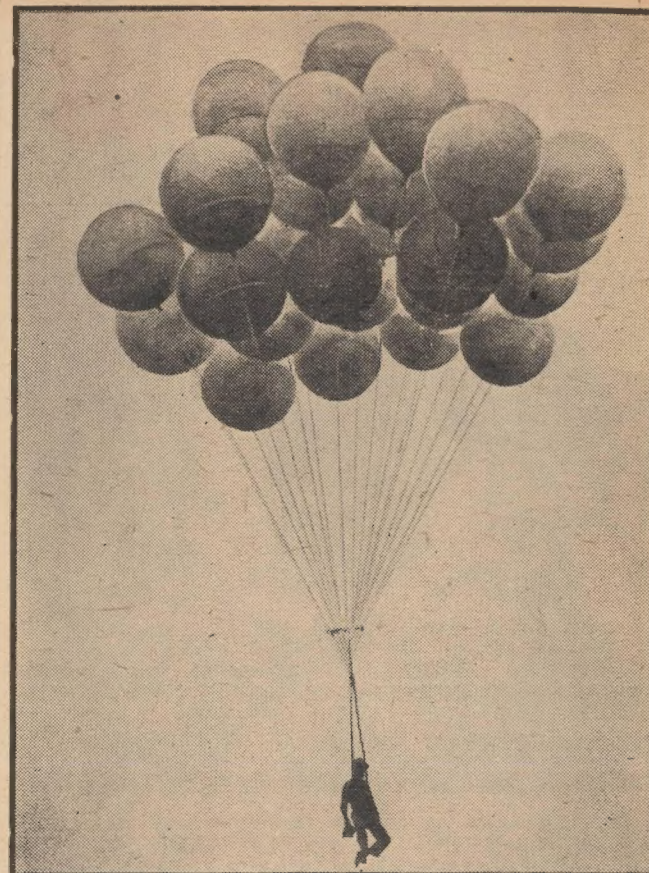
(Solution on Page 3)

BLANK-BLANK VERSE

The blank spaces in the following rhyme are to be filled in simply by rearranging the letters of a four-letter word to form new words:—

The dog was bounding x x x x the cat
When pussy sprang aside and x x x x
I gave the dog a few hard x x x x
And x x x x restored the cat to naps.

CURIOUS ACCIDENTS



PHOTOGRAPHER CARRIED AWAY ON BALLOONS.

This picture shows Al. Mingalone, New York news-reel cameraman, hanging from a cluster of balloons over the Old Orchard Country Club, Maine, U.S. The anchor rope broke, and Mingalone, who had gone aloft for some novel shots of golfers and traffic beneath him, started on a thirteen-miles sky ride.

Finally, several well-placed rifle shots by Father James J. Mullen, who set out in pursuit of the drifting newsman, punctured some of the balloons, and Mingalone came down unhurt but somewhat shaken by his experience.

NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Adapted from the Novel by Jules Verne

NED Land took out his handkerchief to wave it in the air. But he had hardly spread it out than, floored by a grasp of iron, notwithstanding his prodigious strength, he fell on the platform.

"Wretch!" cried the captain. "Do you want me to nail you to the ram of the Nautilus before it rushes against that ship?"

Captain Nemo, terrible to hear, was still more terrible to behold. His face had grown pale under the spasms of his heart, which must for an instant have ceased to beat. The pupils of his eyes were fearfully contracted. His voice no longer spoke, it roared. With body bent forward, he shook the Canadian by the shoulders.

Then leaving him, and turning to the ironclad, whose shots rained round him, he said—

"Ah! you know who I am, ship of a cursed nation!" cried he in a powerful voice. "I do not need to see your colours to recognise you! Look, I will show you mine!"

And Captain Nemo spread out a black flag in the front of the platform like the one he had planted at the South Pole.

At that moment a projectile struck the hull of the Nautilus

obliquely, and, ricocheting near the captain, fell into the sea.

Captain Nemo shrugged his shoulders. Then, speaking to me—"Go down," he said in a curt tone—"go down, you and your companions."

"Sir," I cried, "are you going to attack that ship?"

"Sir, I am going to sink it!"

"You will not do that."

"I shall do it!" replied Captain Nemo. "Do not take upon yourself to judge me, sir. Fate has shown you what you were not to see. The attack has been made. The repulse will be terrible. Go down below."

"What is that ship?"

"You do not know? Well, so much the better! Its nationality, at least, will remain a secret to you. Go below."

The Canadian, Conseil, and I were obliged to obey. About fifteen of the Nautilus's crew had surrounded the captain, and were looking with an implacable feeling of hatred at the ship that was advancing towards them. We felt

that the same feeling of vengeance animated them all.

I went down as another projectile struck the Nautilus, and I heard its captain exclaim—"Strike, mad vessel! Show your useless shot! You will not escape the ram of the Nautilus! But this is not the place you are to perish in! Your ruins shall not mix with those of the Vengeur!"

I went to my room. The captain and his officer remained on the platform. The screw was put in movement. The Nautilus speedily put itself out of range of the ship. But the pursuit went on, and Captain Nemo contented himself with keeping his distance.

About 4 p.m. I could not contain the impatience and anxiety that devoured me, and returned to the central staircase. The panel was opened. I ventured on to the platform. The Captain was walking about it still in agitation. He was looking at the vessel, which was lying five or six miles to leeward.

Perhaps he hesitated to attack her. I wished to intervene once again. But I had hardly spoken

MIXED-UP SQUARE

S	L	O	T
L	A	R	O
O	V	D	A
T	A	A	D

Here are all the makings of an interesting little word square. All the letters except the "S" in the upper left-hand corner are out of place. Can you rearrange the 15 misplaced letters to complete a word square with words reading the same both down and across?

to Captain Nemo when he imposed silence on me, saying—

"I represent right and justice here! I am the oppressed, and there is the oppressor! It is through it that all I loved,

cherished, and venerated—country, wife, children, father and mother—all perished! All that I hate is there! Be silent!"

I looked for the last time at the ironclad, which was putting on more steam. Then I went back to Ned and Conseil.

"We must fly!" I cried. "Well," said Ned, "what ship is it?"

"I do not know. But whatever it is it will be sunk before night. In any case it is better to perish also than to be the accomplices of a retaliation the justice of which we cannot judge."

"I think so too," answered Ned Land coldly. "We must wait till night."

Night came. Profound silence reigned on board. The compass indicated that the Nautilus had not changed its direction. I heard its screw beating the waves with rapid regularity. It kept on the surface of the water, and a slight rolling sent it from side to side.

My companions and I had resolved to fly when the vessel was near enough either to hear or see us, for the moon, that would be full three days later, Continued on Page 3.

QUIZ
for today

1. What was Mark Twain's real name?
2. What is a badger's home called?
3. Who was Casabianca?
4. What is a Disney Professor?
5. Who wrote (a) "The Last of the Mohicans," (b) "The Last Tournament," (c) "The Last Days of Pompeii"?
6. When and where was the first mechanical hare used in greyhound racing?
7. Who composed "The Magic Flute"?
8. Whence does Ely get its name?
9. What do the letters L. S. D. stand for?
10. Who was the Merry Monarch?
11. What is a Polack?
12. What is the capital of New York State?

ODD CORNER

At Trinity College, Cambridge, is a clock that strikes each hour twice over, once on a low-toned bell, and once on a high-pitched bell. The repetition is said to be for convenience, as people often fail to notice the first stroke of a clock. Wordsworth, in his "Prelude," mentions this clock, which "told the hours twice over, with a male and female voice."

At Stratton, Cornwall, one of the church bells bears the following quaint inscription. It rhymes quite well if you use the local pronunciation of "four."

"Tom Bowling was a good old man,
He put us in this tower,
And now we will keep playing on,
From eight, to twelve and four."

At Luxborough is a peal of bells whose inscription thus commemorates two local benefactors:—

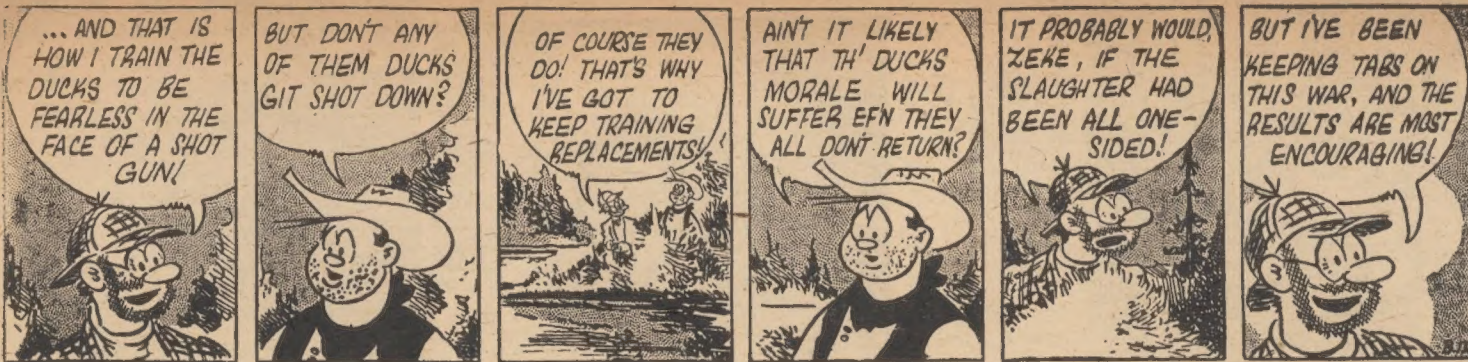
"Our merry peal is mainly due
To Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Carew."

At St. Saviour's Church, Eastbourne, are three bells, presented by the novelist, Edna Lyall. They are named Eric, Hugo and Donovan, after three of her characters.

JANE



Beelzebub Jones



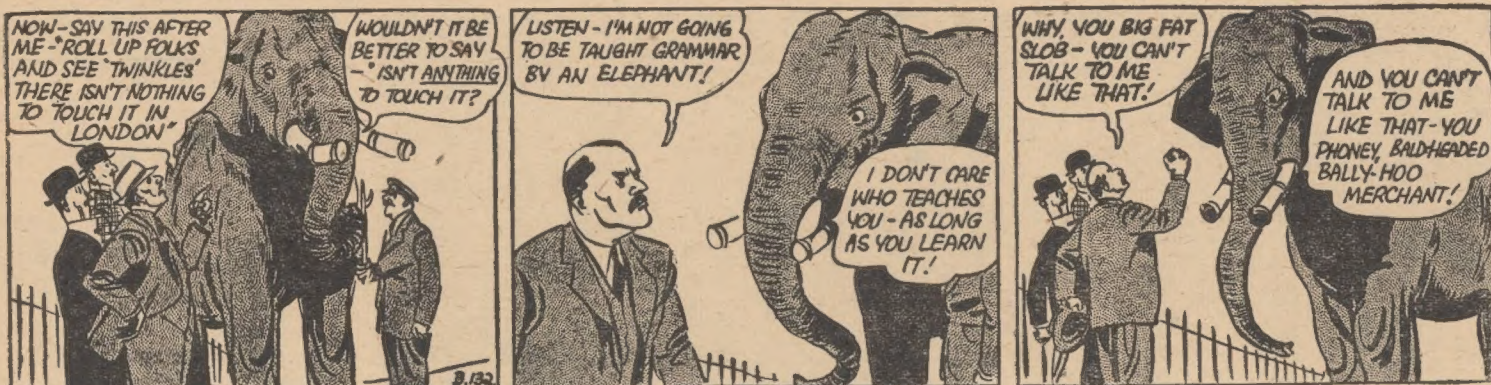
Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Continued from Page 2.

shone brightly. Once on board the vessel, if we could not prevent the blow that threatened her, we could at least do all that circumstances would allow us to attempt. I thought several times that the *Nautilus* was preparing for the attack. But it contented itself with allowing its adversary to approach, and a short time afterwards fled away again.

SOLUTION TO 3-MINUTE THRILLER

"I had some camera films in my bag," Mrs. Pym told the judge. "I drew the curtains over the window, unrolled a film and tore off a piece. After wetting this and partially drying it, I pressed the emulsified surface over the finger-prints Gedge had left on the wash-basin. It picked them up entire. I had no other means of preserving the prints, for I did not know if I would even escape with my life.

"The film was developed and the prints checked in Criminal Records. That is all, my lord."

A part of the night passed without incident. We were awaiting an occasion to act. We spoke little, being too much excited. Ned Land wanted to throw himself into the sea. I made him wait. I thought the *Nautilus* would attack the two-decker on the surface of the sea, and then it would not only be possible but easy to escape.

At 3 a.m., being uneasy, I went up on to the platform. Captain Nemo had not left it. He was standing near his flag, which a slight breeze was waving over his head. He did not lose sight of the vessel. His look, of extraordinary intensity, seemed to attract her, fascinate her, and draw her onward more surely than if he had been towing her.

The moon was then passing the meridian. Jupiter was rising in the east. Sky and ocean were equally tranquil, and the sea offered to the Queen of Night the clearest mirror that ever had reflected her image.

The ship kept at two miles' distance from us. She kept approaching the phosphorescent light

that indicated the presence of the *Nautilus*. I could see her green and red lights and white lantern hung from her mainstay. An indistinct reflection lighted up her side and showed that the fires were heated to the uttermost. Sparks and flames were escaping from her funnels and staining the atmosphere.

I remained thus till 6 a.m. without Captain Nemo appearing to perceive me. The vessel was a mile and a-half off, and with the break of day her cannonade began again. The moment could not be distant when, the *Nautilus* attacking its adversary, my companions and I would for ever leave this man whom I dared not judge.

I was about to go down to tell them about it when the officer came up on the platform. Several sailors accompanied him. Captain Nemo either did not or would not see them. Certain precautions were taken, which might be called the clearing up for the fight. They were very simple. The iron balustrade was lowered. The lantern and pilot cages were sunk into the hull until they were on a

level with the deck. The surface of the long steel-plated cigar no longer offered a single salient point that could hinder its manoeuvres.

(Continued in No. 55)

Solution to 2 Puzzles in No. 53

What Time: Five o'clock.
Anagram Magic: Antelope.

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. A form.
2. (a) Tom Hughes, (b) Henry Fielding, (c) Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.
3. The food of the gods, which made them immortal.
4. Diogenes.
5. Cumberland and Northumberland.
6. Divination by drawing lots.
7. Elias Howe; American.
8. Vienna, Munich, Cologne, Antwerp, Brunn, Prague.
9. About 1,300,000 times.
10. King James I.
11. John Gully, who died in 1863.
12. The Serpentine.

One for Solomon

By F. W. THOMAS

"OH, all right," said the Sluggard. "Anything for a quiet life. I'm fed up with all this chatter about Barly Birds, and Busy Bees. I'll go and see this confounded Ant. Put me in the bath-chair, Mother, with plenty of cushions, and shove me to the bottom of the garden."

So his Mother, who had been well brought up, did that; and the Sluggard sat himself on the grass to wait for an Ant to come along.

Sure enough, presently there came an Ant, and this Ant had found a piece of dead Earwig, nearly as big as itself. So, since dead earwig is good to eat, the Ant pushed and pulled, and trundled and shoved, sweating at every pore, stopping only to get his breath and spit on his hands.

Then to it again; heaving and hoisting, and lugging and pulling, sometimes forwards, sometimes backwards, without rhyme or reason, and at the rate of about two inches per hour.

"Excuse me," said the Sluggard, "but what's all the fuss about?" "Work," said the Ant. "Sorry I can't stop. Must keep going somewhere and doing something."

"Ever take a day off?" the Sluggard enquired.

"Goodness me, NO," said the insect. "We just keep on keeping on. All the time."

"And then?" "There isn't any 'and then,'" said the Ant. "As soon as it's light we start all over again."

"Start what?" asked the Sluggard. "Pushing and hauling. Finding things and shoving them somewhere. Going places and coming back again. Running up and down grass stems. Laying eggs. Looking after the babies. Building bigger and better ant-hills."

"And after that?" "Well, sometimes we just go on and on; and sometimes people pour boiling water over us. But it doesn't matter. The rest carry on. Pushing and shoving."

"Ever have any fun?" asked the Sluggard. "What's that?" said the Ant. "Can't be necessary, or we'd have it. All our time is taken up with getting a move on."

"Ever sit still and watch the butterflies dancing?" the Sluggard asked. "Ever notice the sun setting, or see the clouds going by like tall ships? Or hear the thrush singing his one-bird duet?"

"No time," said the Ant. "Got to keep going. I've wasted nearly three minutes on you already, and I shall have to fake up my time-sheet."

"And all this industry and toil, does it ever get you anywhere? Do they ever offer you a directorship, or a rise, or a fortnight off?"

"Don't understand," said the Ant. "We just work and work. And when we can't work any more we die. Or maybe somebody goes over us with a garden roller. It doesn't matter. Nothing matters, as long as we keep up our Proverbial Reputation."

"I see," said the Sluggard, "and, just as I thought, there's a catch in it." And he called loudly for his Mother.

"Mother," he said, "put my cushions straight, and trundle me home. It's all a swindle. And be careful as you go over the bumpy bit, for I am tired and would sleep. I also have a Proverbial Reputation to keep up."

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.

1 Company of seamen.

5 Sticky.

11 Loiter.

13 Cherish.

14 Lessen.

15 Paltry.

16 Nourished.

17 Tap.

19 Climbing plant.

20 Chafe.

22 Give as example.

24 Part of palate.

28 Fly.

29 Pluck.

32 Bird.

34 Organ of support.

36 Beverage.

37 Girl's name.

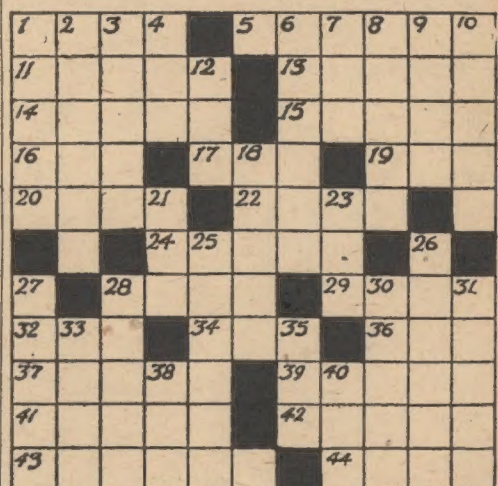
39 Later.

41 Grants.

42 Trouble taken.

43 Turned forcibly round.

44 Brief record.



CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Husks of grain.
- 2 Boy's name.
- 3 Escape from.
- 4 Damp.
- 5 Infuse gradually.
- 7 Total.
- 8 Gauzy fabric.
- 9 Att.
- 10 Hinder.
- 12 Up.
- 13 holstery fabric.
- 18 Keen.
- 21 Large cask.
- 23 Point of lace.
- 25 Small trunk.
- 26 Mum.
- 27 Gripping implement.
- 28 Gauntlet.
- 30 Proportion.
- 31 Concise.
- 33 Plaintive cry.
- 35 Hiatus.
- 38 Sea-gull.
- 40 Enthusiast.

BEGGAR SAT
PENAL ABASE
RIDGE FLUTE
AGO EFFETE
NEWS LINERS
KILLIAC
SADDEN HALE
RELATE GEN
LOBES BRAVE
ASIDE SIPPED
YET DISPEL

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.



MILK-O

"Coming home with the milk" all right, but this time the passenger looks quite sober, and poor old Betty, 30-year-old idol of the village of Redmire, Yorkshire, is the one who needs the guiding hand.

★ ★ ★

"I can hardly bear to meet him—he'll never recognise me!"



"That can never be Monica, she must have had her face lifted—right off!"



This England

Mellow tiles and old timbers, craftsmanship which has endured the centuries. Just a corner of Chiddingstone, Kent, well-known to thousands of seekers after Britain unspoiled.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"This page just puts me to sleep today!"

